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ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder
made from Royal Grape
Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

CORRESPONDENCE.

STOOPS.

(By B. M. Goodan.)

Kenneth Gillaspie spent last week with his father, J. H. Gillaspie.

J. Smith Trimble will return in a few days from Louisville, his duties as storekeeper and gauger being about over.

Clarence Cassity and wife, of Lexington, visited the family of Ed. Toy Sunday.

In a 10-inning game of ball at Gudgell Hill Sunday afternoon, the Gudgell Hill team won from the "Mattie Lee" team of Mt. Sterling by a score of 11 to 10.

The remainder of the corn crop will be planted this week.

Reports concerning the condition of tobacco beds are very unfavorable.

Miss Lela Mae Foley, of Mt. Sterling, is the guest of relatives here.

Indications are that grazing will soon be very short.

We deeply regret missing that ball given by "Plum Lick."

The prospects for a great crop of clover hay are excellent.

Robt. Williams and wife, of Owingsville, were guests of relatives here last week.

W. K. Prewitt has purchased an automobile and is making "some speed."

J. B. Young has begun rebuilding the tobacco barn on his farm blown down by the storm.

A good many of our citizens have been laid up with an affliction of the throat.

Pastor Resigns.

Rev. E. M. Lightfoot, pastor of the Paris Baptist church for the past four years, surprised his congregation by tendering his resignation at the close of the service Sunday evening.

Dime Sox.

Six pairs, guaranteed to wear 6 months, for 60c. Heels and toes four ply. The Fair.

Sells Pony.

Mr. Roy L. Morris has sold his fine Shetland Stallion, Billy P, to Dr. W. B. Robinson, of this city. Billy P is considered one of the best Shetlands in this section. Dr. Robinson will keep him at his Veterinary Hospital this season.

Eastern Capitalists Buy Tennessee Coal Lands.

H. C. Thomson, of Winchester, sold Saturday to J. A. Smith, Roger E. Miles and W. A. Odell, representing Cleveland and New York capitalists, 41,800 acres of coal and timberlands in Tennessee. The price paid is said to have been about \$400,000. Mr. Thomson stated that he had an option on 50,000 acres of coal lands on the South and Middle Forks of the Kentucky River which he hopes to sell to the same men. The latter will send a man to inspect the lands, and if his report is satisfactory they will buy it, build a railroad through it and develop the mines at once.

Webb Acquitted.

Richard S. Webb was acquitted in the Fayette Circuit Court Saturday of the charge of burning the office of Prof. F. Paul Anderson on the campus of Kentucky State University, the case having been on trial a week.

The jury was out less than two hours and on the first ballot stood ten to two for acquittal.

When the jury filed into the court room perfect silence prevailed, and as the verdict was read by the clerk of the court, that gave the defendant his liberty, the members of his family who were present and many friends gathered about him to extend congratulations.

Dr. John T. Fleming Dead.

Dr. John T. Fleming, aged 88 years, died at his home in Maysville Monday after a long illness. He was a native of Fleming county, but had resided in Maysville the greater part of his life.

Eggs for Hatching.

I have a few settings of Barred Plymouth Rock hen eggs and Indian Runner duck eggs for sale. Hen eggs, 75c for 17; duck eggs, 75c for 12. C. B. Stephens.

New beans, kale, lettuce, radishes and onions at Vanarsdell's.

Garden Seed.

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"BUY IT AT HOME"



MADE YOUTH A SAILOR

GREAT MAN REMEMBERED HIS PROMISE TO BOY.

Had "Fought for Jackson," and the President Redeemed Partial Promise That He Had Made Some Years Before.

The subject of Mr. Stephen Bonsal's stirring biography, "Edward Fitzgerald Beale," was the son of Paymaster George Beale, who served with distinction under Macdonough at Lake Champlain, and of Emily, the daughter of Commodore Truxtun of the famous Constellation. Young Beale, as a member of two naval families, therefore, had what was regarded in the old navy as a prescriptive right to enter the service.

With the advent of President Jackson, all such rights were brushed aside, and the claims of young Beale might have been overlooked except for a fortunate and characteristic incident.

The boys of Washington, where the Beales spent their winters, were ardent politicians, like their fathers, and they were divided by allegiance to antagonistic statesmen. The disputes between the Adams partisans and the Jacksonians grew so bitter that the boys decided to settle all their political differences once for all by the ancient test of battle.

Ned Beale was the Jacksonian champion, and the Adamssites were represented by a boy named Evans, who afterward became a distinguished citizen of Indiana. The fistic battle was appointed to take place under a long arch, which at that time marked the southern entrance to the White House grounds.

While the battle raged and the enthusiastic spectators applauded, a tall figure suddenly appeared, scattered the boys, and seizing Beale by the collar, asked him why he was fighting. He replied that he was fighting for General Jackson, and that his opponent had expressed a poor opinion of the president's politics and personality.

"I am General Jackson," said the man. "I never forget the men or boys who are willing to fight for me, but I do not wish them to do it all the time. Now put on your coats."

A few years later, when Beale reached his fourteenth year, his desire to enter the navy became overwhelming. One afternoon he called at the White House with his mother to see General Jackson and ask for a midshipman's warrant.

Mrs. Beale told her story, and spoke of the fact that her boy was the son and grandson of men who had served their country and been wounded in battle. Jackson listened with courtesy, but seemed uncertain how he should act. Suddenly the boy interrupted his mother.

"Mother, he said, 'let me speak to General Jackson.'"

He then reminded the president of the fight and the promise he had made, at least by implication, to serve him whenever the opportunity presented.

Without a word, General Jackson tore off the back of a letter lying near him, and wrote to the secretary of the navy. "Give this boy an immediate warrant," and handed it to Mrs. Beale. —Youth's Companion.

Treasure Hard to Get At.

News that a fresh attempt is to be made to recover sunken treasures from the ship General Grant recalls the story of that ill-fated vessel. She sailed for London from Melbourne in 1866 and was wrecked off the Auckland Islands. For two years her disappearance remained a mystery. Then chance led to the rescue of a few survivors, who told how the vessel had been dashed against a cliff 400 feet high and in sinking had been swept into a cave at its base. There for close on half a century the wreck has lain in fourteen fathoms of water, with treasure to the value of \$1,250,000 in the bullion room to tempt the treasure hunter. The estimate may be an exaggeration, but the report has already attracted five well equipped expeditions. The swirl of the tide and the deadly backwash within the cave have so far defied the efforts of the most skillful and daring divers to reach the treasure. It remains to be seen whether the sixth attempt will share the failure of its predecessors.

Imaginary Insomnia.

Brand Whitlock, who is writing stories and books when he is not mayoring and reforming, hates, with all the vindictiveness that is in his heart, clocks that strike the hour and throw out on the silvery air of night their bell-like chimes.

One evening he went to Columbus and put up at a hotel near a church tower, which was some tower when it came to chiming. Brand got into bed, and, after tossing restlessly about for a long time, heard the big clock strike "one." After what seemed an interminable hour, during which his brain was teeming with ideas for uplifting the human race and taking money away from publishers, the bell rang twice.

"Two o'clock!" groaned Whitlock. "I'll never get to sleep."

"Insomnia!" wailed Brand. "I'm going mad!"

He sprang out of bed, turned on the light and looked at his watch.

It was a quarter to one in the morning, and his agile brain had changed the quarter chimes into hour bells. —Popular Magazine.

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